MEXICO'S WEALTHIEST MAN



Not unlike the mighty estates of the old patroons, who used to own tremendous tracts of land around New York and whose sway was more powcrful than that of the most pulssant feudal baron in Europe, is that of Gen. Don Luis Terrazas, "boss" of the state of Chihuahua, owner of more than half the land included within its wide boundaries and the richest man in Mexico. His wealth is estimated at not less than \$25,000,000 gold and many estimate it much higher. Terrazas is of interest at this time, for many people are saying that he and his son-in-law, Enrique Creel, are responsible for the rebellion in Mexico.

Gen. Don Luis Terrazas has lived all his life in Chihuahua. His parents were small landowners before the invasion of Mexico by the French. When Mexico began to try for freedom from the foreign invaders Terrazas, then a young man without influence, starting with a small body of

valiant followers, built up a force sufficient to drive the French out of the northern part of Mexico. Later when the French were defeated in the south and the empire overthrown with the death of Maximillan, Terrazas took charge of the portion of Mexico now comprised by the state of Chihuahua. Later came Diaz, and Terrazas lent his aid in subduing and forming

the republic, receiving his reward "to have and to hold" the state of Chihuahua. Nominally he was elected governor. Really he was made the boss of the state, and while he has not held office as governor continually he has dictated the election of every one who has been chosen and mostly the mantle has fallen on the shoulders of some member of his own family. Therein lies the cause of the present rebellion. Citizens of Chihuahua who have taken up arms against the present government declare that Terrazas and his clan have gobbled Chihuahua; that they can only live there now as peons; that those in power are growing richer and richer every day, while the common people are growing poorer and poorer.

Short of stature, weazened and wrinkled, with his short, white beard and his Mexican cowboy dress, he walks the streets of Chihuahua today in spite of his seventy-eight years, calmly collecting his 12 per cent, and apparently unadvised that there is a rebellion in his realm which threatens to strip him of the power he has wielded for more than 30 years.

PASTOR TO HAVE BIG CHURCH



Rev. Charles F. Aked, who talked seriously of resigning the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist churchthe Rockefeller church-in New York city because of the supposed failure of a pretentious building project on which he had set his heart, seems to have won his point. As a result Gotham is likely to have the greatest church on modern institutional lines in the world.

John D. Rockefeller has a plan under consideration for presenting his Fifty-fourth street home and his adjoining realty holdings as a site for the new home of the congregation. The trustees of the Fifth Avenue church have for three years been looking for a suitable site on which to build a church such as Dr. Aked desires, but the committee in charge failed to make a selection. Mr. Rockefeller has recently purchased a number of plots surrounding his home and it is believed that he is rounding

out his holdings so that they may become available for the new church site if the trustees fail to find one more suitable.

The Rockefeller house, though very large, is not strictly modern, and the owner prefers his Pocantico hills estate. It is understood that he will give up his city residence if the church trustees accept certain offers he is formulating. The plan of Mr. Rockefeller and Dr. Aked, it is said, is to make the new church the greatest and most influential institution of its kind in the

MEMBER OF COMMERCE COURT



The successor in the interstate commerce commission of Martin Knapp, who was recently appointed to the new commerce court, is Prof. Balthuser Henry Meyer, one of the most prominent educators in the country and an authority of note on political economy and sociology.

Professor Meyer is a native of Wisconsin, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and the University of Berlin, and has been an educator since 1884, when he taught a district school in his native state. He has been a member of the Wisconsin railway commission and the new federal railway security investigating commission and has written many important articles on railway legislation and administration and other economic subjects.

The professor also served as expert special agent for the bureau of the census and interstate commerce commission.

WOULD SAVE ROADS BIG SUM



No man has been more in the public eye of late than Louis D. Brandeis, who not long ago declared that the railways could save \$1,000,000 a day y proper and efficient management. Mr. Brandeis first came into promience in 1903, when as the head of he Public Franchise league of Boston e was involved in the struggle over the reorganization of the Boston gas companies. Largely through his influence legislation was put through which permitted the unification of the gas companies on a unique principle. The total capitalization of the new company was made the same as that of the valuation of the securities of the consolidated companies. The price of gas was set at 90 cents a thousand feet. On that basis the company was allowed to pay seven per cent. on its stock and one per cent. extra for every reduction of five cents a thousand feet in the price of gas. The plan worked successfully.

Mr. Brandels next became prominently known through his share in enabling the savings banks of Massachusetts to write industrial insurance.

Corralling a Quarter Section

By M. J. PHILLIPS

Arthur Brant was conscious of an | resentment welled up within her. For undercurrent of hostility in the sod there, muffled to his eyes in a fur coat cabin of the Pentons. The mental at- behind a swiftly jogging horse, was mosphere was as crisp as the breath- Arthur Brant. He was headed for the less cold of the February night—a cold | county seat, 22 miles away. which clutched the Dakota prairies in fron fingers.

Brant was a shy young man where women were concerned, and though he felt acutely that for some reason lible tongue, had told the truth. Brant Hilda Penton, her parents and her cared more for their land than for ten-year-old brother had turned against their-for her-regard. Her lips tremhim, he could not bring himself to ask bled pitifully as she turned from the why, or to worm the reason out of window. them by indirection.

to know them well, though he had formed the habit of dropping in on them during the evening. But now he affable and garrulous, smoked tonight ahead. A genuine Dakota blizzard in grave silence. He kept his gaze on the cracked stove, which was glowing red with its efforts to beat back the searching cold.

Mrs. Penton knitted without looking adoringly about Brant's knees, was stealthily at his friend as often as he

As for Hilda herself, beyond the efforts to make conversation, she was ominously quiet. The constraint grew as she washed the supper dishes and tidied the three tiny rooms of the

When her work was completed and she sat down opposite him, her blue eyes were sparkling, and her voice reminded Brant of the crackle of frosty snow under foot.

"I understand, Mr. Brant, that you were down at the county seat Friday looking up the title of our quarter section."

"Yes," replied Brant; "that's one reason I came over. The land's been advertised for unpaid taxes. It's to be sold Tuesday."

"And you're going to buy it in?" The contemptuous tone cut like

lash. "No," replied Brant, simply. "Well, we can't redeem it. We had barely enough to get it. And that miserable Sim Brockway cheated us. He



Was a Bad Day Even for an Enemy to Be Out."

said the title was all right. Now we're to have another sample of Dakota friendship!" Anger swept away Brant's shyness.

He rose. "You mean I'd try to get your property on tax-title?" "We were told that's how you came

by your last two quarter sections." "Whoever told you that lied," said Brant, quietly. "The owners hadn't

paid taxes, I'll admit. But I gave fair value for every acre, just the same." He knew who told the falsehood-Peter Snyder, fat-faced, shifty-eyed Pete, who had elected himself first friend to shiftless Jim Penton and pretty, blue-eyed Hilda. And Peter

was notorious as a tax-title shark. He was getting rich by taking advantage of the land-poor. Brant opened his mouth to denounce Peter-and closed it again without speaking. He couldn't fight the wily

scoundrel with such weapons. The bald truth would easily convince them of Peter's crookedness; but tale-bearing was out of his line. "Our hundred and sixty would com-

plete your section," drawled old Jim; "I don't wonder you want it."

Brant turned on him. "I don't want your land," he said. "But if you don't time. raise a hundred and forty dollars by Tuesday some one'll get it; that's sure."

He strode out and closed the door behind him. Perhaps his musings would have been less bitter had he known that Hilda had cried silently for an hour after going to bed-and her tears were not altogether for the coming loss of the farm.

Tuesday dawned cloudy, cold; a storm was in store. As Hilds looked out on the broad plain of undulating white, treeless and stark, sudden hot

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.) She had nourished a secret hope that Peter Snyder lied; that Brant would not seize their land. But Peter, whom she distrusted despite his plaus-

The storm came apace. There was a They had moved onto the quarter wind that flew with the speed of a bulsection adjoining his own fine farm a let. It tore the snow into needle-like few weeks before. He had not learned atoms and hurled the stinging particles resistlessly before it. Great drifts formed. The little window disappeared behind a thick film of frost. Outside was unwelcome. Jim Penton, usually it was impossible to see a length

was hammering the great northwest. A score of times during the day an unconfessed anxiety drew the girl to the window. There, melting a hole in the frost with her breath, she peered up, and little Jim, who usually hung into the storm. It was a bad day even for an enemy to be out. She found huddled in a corner, though he peered herself late in the afternoon praying that Brant would stay in Carlin till the storm abated. He had a hired man to do the chores! being unmarried, they merest monosyllabic replies to Brant's kept "bach hall" together. He did not need to hurry back. And yet-

Another fruitless look at the blank white wall of flying snow.

At eight o'clock there came a muffled knock. Hilda hurried to the door and threw it open, to recoil in amazement, for the mild, patient head of a horse projected into the cabin. It was Brant's horse.

With an exclamation she waded through the snow to the cutter. There was a huddled, fur-clad heap in the bottom of the vehicle.

As her cry brought the others out bareheaded into the storm, a shape detached itself from the rushing white gloom-Frank Oleson, Brant's hired man. The Swede had been searching, afoot, for his master.

"He bane freezing!" he cried, and fell upon Brant like a bear, cuffing, shaking and worrying him back from the verge of the dreaded sleep which has no waking.

Brant roused reluctantly and looked about him, at the faithful Oleson, at the Pentons, scarcely less concerned, at the cabin beyond, warm and light and cozy. His face changed as at an unpleasant memory.

"Take me home, Frank," he said, in a tone that brooked no disobe-

And for the second time within a week Hilda Penton cried herself to sleep. The last vestige of hope was He had bid in their land. gone. That is why he would not trespass on their hospitality.

It was three days before little Jim could go to the postoffice, two miles away. He came back with a letteran official looking article from the county seat, and a budget that kept him jumping up and down in excitement.

The envelope was addressed to her father, but Hilda tore it open, caught the sense at a glance, and dropped weakly into a chair.

"Mother-father!" she gasped; "it's all right. We won't lose our farm. Mr. Brant has loaned us the money." Mr. and Mrs. Penton, graying heads bent together, laboriously gathered that James Penton, by his agent, Arthur Brant, had paid the sum of \$142.79, being the full amount due for back taxes and penalties on the southeast one-quarter of section-Oh, it was all there, to the last letter and figure of the description!

Meanwhile, little Jim, by the expedient of whooping at regular intervals, at last attracted the family's attention.

"Listen to me, listen to me!" he yelled. "Lemme tell you about the fight over to Carlin Tuesday, Bill

Samuelson, he saw it." "Hey?" said his father, raising his

eyes at last from the magic paper. "A fight-who?" "Arthur Brand and Peter Snyder,"

chattered little Jim. "That mean old Pete was there to get our land, and he bad a check all made out. But Mr. Brant came in and said he was your agent, pa, an' had the money ready. An' Pete called him a liar, and Mr. Brant told him he was a tax-title shark, so Pete struck at

"And then they fought and knocked over chairs, an' the clerk climbed up onto the desk, and Mr. Brant blacked Pete's eyes and bloodled his nose.

Little Jim stopped, the breath squeezed out of his body. For his sister, her eyes shining like twin stars, was hugging him to her breast and laughing and crying at the same

"Jim," she said, "you go and tell Arthur to come over here. I-we-we want to thank him, and beg his pardon.'

"'Tain't ne'ssary," replied Jim. wriggling free. "I asked him myself. An' he said he'd come."

Teacher Willie, what is a heavenly,

body? Willie-I'd say it was one that you only had to wash about once a year. -Brooklyn Life.

PHYSICAL WRECK RESTORED TO HEALTH BY GREAT KID-**NEY REMEDY**

Some time ago I began the use of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with the most remarkable results. For years I was almost a wreck and was a great sufferer. The doctors who treated me made me believe that my great sufferings were due to female trouble. I was so bad at times I would faint away and had sinking spells. Finally a new doctor was called in and he said that I had kidney trouble and gave me medicine, of which I took several bottles. I obtained some relief from this but I was getting weaker all the time; I could not sleep and suffered so time; I could not sleep and suffered so much pain that my husband and children had to lift me in and out of bed. After this time two friends sent me word to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which I did, and I am glad to state that the first dose gave me great relief After taking the third dose I was helped into bed and slept half of the night.

I took several bottles of Swamp-Root and I feel that I owe my life to this wonderful remedy. The two family doctors said that I could not live three months; my urine was in a terrible condition—thick and slimy—and I would have to be helped in and out of bed ten to twenty times every night. After taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for two days I was entirely free from getting up and could sleep soundly.

MRS. D. E. HILEMAN.

Tunnelton, West Va.

Personally appeared before me this 11th of September, 1909, Mrs. D. E. Hileman, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

JOSEPH A. MILLER,

Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fiftycents and one-dollar.

Kind but Careless.

John P. Irish, the San Francisco orator and officeholder, was entertaining Joaquin Miller, the poet, one night. Upon hearing a particularly funny story by the host the poet fell

off his chair in a paroxysm of mirth. Irish thought the poet had a seizure of some kind and he rushed to the sideboard, took a bottle of whisky and stuck the top of it into Miller's mouth, hoping to revive him.

Presently Miller waved his hands feebly and Irish removed the bottle. "What is it?" asked Irish solicitous-

"Remove the cork!" whispered the poet, hoarsely, "Remove the cork!"-Saturday Evening Post.

The Discoverer.

Of faults a seeker he would be. Of recompense he found a dearth, Save in the truthful claim that he Had picked the easiest job on earth.

His Place.

"The trouble about my son is that ke never knows where he is at." "Then why not get him a job with the weather bureau?"

Improvidence in trifles never made a millionaire nor swelled a bank account.

MILD, GENTLE LAXATIVE

FOR WOMEN GIVEN FREE

Brought the Tears.

ment and before it was extinguished the 18 families in the building and all

the firemen were weeping copiously

from inflamed eyes. In the cellar many bags of onions had been stored.

The chief fireman allowed the tenants

to remain in the building, assuring

them that the fire was confined to

the cellar. They did not stay, however, when the onions had got well

No doubt the mind cure is all right

if you have the mind to begin with.

Garfield Tea is Nature's laxative and blood purifier; it overcomes constipation and its many attendant ailments.

Loud apparel naturally proclaims

which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets." Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. I.

Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

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Constipation

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LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely veget-

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Prompt Relief -- Permanent Cure

gestion - improve the complexion - brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine mustbear Signature

CARTERS

REGULAR

the man.

An unusual incident marked a recent fire in New York. The fire started in the cellar of a five-story tene-

So many of the ills of women are due habitual constipation, probably because of their false modesty on the subject, that their attention cannot be too strongly called to the importance of keeping the bowels open. It is always important to do that, regardless of the sex, but it is especially important in women.

From the time the girl begins to menstruate until menstruation ceases she has always vastly better prospects of coming through healthy if she watches her bowel movements. If you find yourself constipated, with bad breath, pimply complexion, headaches, belching gas and other symptoms of indigestion and constipation, take a small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup called that you can do away with salts, strong cathartics, etc., which are entirely unsulted to woman's requirements.

Mrs. Katherine Haberstroh of McKees Rocks, Pa., and Mrs. A. E. Herrick of Wheeler, Mich., who was almost paralyzed in her stomach and bowels, are now cured by the use of this remedy. A free sample bottle can be obtained by addressing Dr. Caldwell, and after you are convinced of its merits buy it of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle. For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell building, Monti-

Cardui Worked Wonders

'I had sick headache," writes Mrs. Margaret L. Pheral, of Newburg, Ind., "continuous hurting in my side; was always tired, and, every month, had such pains I could hardly stand. I was treated by the best doctors in our town, for more than a year, without any help.

At last, I took Cardui, and it worked wonders. Before I had taken one bottle, I felt better. New, I feel better than in two years, and owe it all to Cardui."

When a woman's nervous and physical systems are tired out-worn out-they need something more than food to refresh them.

The Woman's Tonic

It acts as Nature planned that a tonic should act, in helping along the functions of life, when ordinary methods fail.

Cardui is a natural remedy, and one that you can feel confidence in. Its ingredients are mild, medicinal herbs, which act specifically on the womanly constitution.

Besides, Cardul has a record of more than fifty years' success, in the treatment of womanly ailments and weaknesses. During this time, more than a million women have been benefited. Try what it will do for you!

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